# IRONTON, : : : MISSOURL THE CRY OF THE AGE.

When has there been an Age like this? When has there been an Age that called So loudly and beseechingly For noble men and noble deeds? For mighty brains to take and solve Perplexing problems; mighty hearts To dare and do; and mighty souls— Broad, gen'rous, forceful—to instruct And lift and lead! From every path That man has blazed into the wild; From every highway where the feet Of thousands press; from every mart The cry goes up—an earnest call
For earnest men! The world to-day
Has needs it never knew before;
For it has passed the shadow; passed
The travail of the ancient void; Passed from the grip of primal things; Passed into light! and taken there Its first full goblet from the sun!

That draft has stirred the very rocks Upon the hills; has turned to power The wasted waters; has instilled A purpose in the truant winds. The air is pregnant with great news; Great news of giories yet to be When we have answered to the Age When we have wakened to the light!

Strong men and true, great men and good; Brave men, and wise in simple faith; Men warm with love, and rich with hope Men with high aims and lowly hearts. The Age is calling out for these— Crying among the crowded streets, Crying along the quiet lanes. Its voice is booming from the towers, And whisp'ring from the furrowed fields

**\$**\$ She Had Her Way.

"Give me my strong and earnest men!

my Davids and St. Johns!"

BY A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

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BUT, darling, I must be at the office to-morrow morning. I can't lose all my clients."

"I've told you you're not to go back to-night."

"But I must, dear. Really." The speaker's voice verged on the plaintive. "You can go in the morning.

don't mind you leaving me so much when the sun's shining and its bright and cheerful."

"I shan't get in till afternoon, then, and that means another whole day wasted. I must catch my train tonight.

"Then you'll have to turn right around the second we get up to my hotel and walk all these five dreary miles back to the station. And on this bitter night, without your dinner! You can't travel hundreds of miles without anything to eat. Don't be ridiculous?"

"I'll get something at the station." Miss Dennison conveyed by her expression that she considered the resources of the station inadequate.

'You are not going to-night, dear?' "I must, pet." "You are going to stay and eat a good dinner beside a blazing fire and have a real nice cosey evening. Just think how dull I'll be if you go and

leave me all alone to listen to the howling of the hateful wind!" "I'd give anything to stay, my own carling little girl; you know that as well as I do. I'll be down again for

the week-end." "Then you don't never loved me

"Oh, my darling, don't begin all this! I've got to catch that train tonight, and nothing you can say or do will make me miss it!"

"I'll never speak to you again if you

go by it; I swear I won't." "For heaven's sake, don't let's have

another scene! I'm getting perfectly

"Then why don't you turn right round and leave me? Why do you walk on beside me? Why do you stay engaged to me?

"Because I'm a fool!" As Miss Dennison could not consistently contradict this assertion, she confirmed herself to a dignified toss of her head and continued to walk along the

road in haughty silence. A row of telegraph poles stretched desolately before them, and the wind swept across the marsh and hummed mournfully along the wires. Far away the sea boomed, and the sharp, white sand flew up from the road in stinging showers, so that Miss Dennison put her muff before her face as she battled onward. The man at her side strode on with downcast, head and hands rammed deep into the pockets of his overcoat. His cap, pulled low down over his frowning eyes, partly protected his face from the onslaught of the gale. He was a strong, thick-set man and his expression resembled that of well-beaten, but desperately goaded

A fat and cheeky gust of wind sen the girl's boa flying round her hat, and the man caught it just in time. As three miles still had to be traversed before they reached the hotel where Miss Dennison's people were staying, and Miss Dennison was of a chatty disposition, she welcomed this oppor tunity to break the silence.

"If I were a man I should be perfectly ashamed to let a girl insult me and trample on me so! I don't know what sort of a husband you think

you'll make!" The man preserved a discreet silence "I always wished to marry a man I

could look up to. Why, you can't have any self-respect at all! "You've done your best to kill it,

It is policy for the owner of the dog to maintain a firm hold if it resents chastisement. Miss Dennison tilted up her chin and assumed an air of in-

tense and injured indignation. "I have done my best to wake it up If there is an insult which has power to rouse you, it is my misfortune and

not my fault that I do not know it." Miss Dennison's happy and fortunate betrothed looked down on her with

patience that was tightly strained. "Is there any object in quarreling at this particular moment? The wind makes conversation rather an exertion, and though I assume the proper course for me to take is to turn on my heel and stride away for ever, I can't leave you to go home alone, you see."

"The road is too lonely." "Solitude is more companionable

than you." The more than happy object of Miss Dennison's affections hesitated, then decided not to answer.

A whirl of sand came hurtling to them up from the ground. Miss Dennison stopped dead. A hoarding stood on one side of the road, behind the iron railings. Tattered bills and posters fluttered from it miserably.

"Do come along, dear," said the man. Miss Dennison pressed her hands into her muff and began an exhaustive study of the contents of the hoarding. The man took a few steps forward, he was of chivalrous disposition, but had been engaged six months to Miss Den-

"It will be dark in a few minutes!" Miss Dennison continued to peruse the bills, pensive interest in every line of her arrested pose.

The man stood a few steps off, with look on his face akin to that on the face of a nurse who waits for a more

than unusually spoilt child. "Do you know, I'm beginning to think I've gone the wrong way about

managing you?" An involuntary dimple flashed and disappeared in Miss Dennison's carefully averted face. Her betrothed, bowever, saw only a still abstracted

back. "Suppose I were to take you at your word and leave you to walk home

alone?" "You are quite unmanly enough to

do so!" "Unmanly!"

"Is it manly to wait round after m at my heels. like a little dog?" "What, in heaven's name, do you

want of me? If I rebel you have hysterics and call me a brute!"
"'Vivyella!'" read Miss Dennison aloud. "What ridiculous waists girls have on fashion posters! Have you

noticed?" The man suppressed an exclamation. "But that's rather a sweet blouse \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

she's wearing. I wonder if I could remember it. I must make mental notes." Miss Dennison rested her elbows on

the railing and buried her chin in her muff, reflectively. "If you think you are going to make me miss that train by dawdling in this

insensate fashion you are mistaken." "Sweet sleeve!" murmured Miss Dennison. "I like the cuff so!" "I shall simply leave you here, you

know." "But I can't see how it's put on. Oh, it's cut all in one with the sleeve!" said Miss Dennison, with a sudden burst of illumination, "Now, I must

earn that!" Miss Dennison redoubled the fixity of her gaze.

"I know perfectly well you hear everything I'm saying. Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I believe it's arranged with a gusset!" announced Miss Dennison. The man opened his mouth, then suddenly turned on his heel and swung fulfill." down the road. He had cut the Gordian knot. Miss Dennison must make

had gone back to the station and his city bound train. Miss Dennison found herself left staring at the hoarding in an attitude of mind that can only be described as one of stunned amazement. Then the dimples reappeared, and Miss Dennison smiled into her muff with an air of

appy power. "The further he goes the further he'll ound," said the astute and experienced from the piazza. Miss Dennison con-Miss Dennison: "and the slower he is ducted her betrothed in triumph in the coming back the surer he'll be of missing his train. If he thinks he's going to catch it to-night when I want him o stay here, he's very much mistaken,

the ridiculous old thing." Miss Dennison began to reperuse the noarding; it sheltered her pleasantly from the wind.

"A hundred pounds reward!" An unassuming little notice caught her eyes. "Vivyella" as a subject is apable of exhaustion. Miss Dennison welcomed a change in literature with

alacrity. As she read, Miss Dennison's face ortrayed a curious panorama expression; her cheeks paled gradually. The little notice bore a crown, and was couched in terse and simple language: t was an earnest invitation to a oneeyed gentleman to return to his sorrowing friends and guardians at the convict prison across the marshes. It oncluded with a thoughtful warning to onely and unprotected travelers as to the gentleman's unprepossessing ap-

pearance and playful disposition. Miss Dennison reread the bill with interest no longer histrionic. The sea mist was rising on the marshes. The charms of meditation in the lonely landscape seemed suddenly to have lost their savor. Miss Dennison looked up and down the road. Her despised be trothed had vanished into the mist. The light of the station glimmered vaguely far on the horizon. On the other side three miles of deserted road lay between her and her hotel. In the direction of the station lay nearer safety-but humiliation; for well did Miss Dennison know that her strength lay in her vulnerability. Let her once lay down her sceptre and her reign of tyranny was over forever. For six months she had enjoyed despotism; was she now to eat humble pie and and cry out for protection? With Napoleonic resolution Miss Dennison

turned in the direction of the hotel. She took five steps; then far away on the distant marshland, she saw i moving shadow. For the first moment she assured herself it was but a fantasy of her imagination. Then the shadow came nearer and resolved itself into a human figure-a shuffling, clumsy furtive figure, creeping with bent head along the wall which separated the barren pastures. Miss Dennison stood, arrested. The wind moaned and whistled around the hoarding, but she heard it not. Her eyes were fixed on the strange figure advancing from the mist. Presently it hesitated and stopped short. Had it seen her? Suddenly, with a cat-like swiftness, the figure left the shelter of the wall, and still with downcast head, struck out into the open field. With curious, swift strides, it was covering the intervening ground; in a few minutes it

would strike the open road beside her. Miss Dennison cast one wild glance along the road in vain. Then, with a sudden shrick, she was beating a retreat toward the staion as fast as fear and the kindly wind could carry her.

Somewhere behind her a hoarse voice shouted; somewhere behind her heavy footsteps hastened. With blind eyes, Miss Dennison fled on. Now the ights of the station twinkled in the distance; now the downward hill was gained which led there. Now-oh, rapture!-a tall, broad-shouldered and despised betrothed turned and stood amazed in the roadway, to see Minerva fallen from her pedestal and running after him!

"Save me!" said Miss Dennison, and flung herself, penitent, submissive, breathless, in his arms.

"Darling! here's some one coming past! Wait a second till he's passed

Miss Dennison's betrothed, though a lover, was an Englishman. Miss Dennison opened her eves

"He's got your boa. See, he's comng up to you." Two embarrassed young people stood still while a still more embarrassed

faintly.

policeman approached them sheepishly. "I called to the young lady, but you didn't seem to hear, miss. You dropped it just by the hoarding. I was coming

across marsh and I see the wind take it, and I caught it as it flew across the railings yonder." Miss Dennison smiled whitely; Miss Dennison's betrothed thanked the po-

liceman continued to the station with contentment in his tread. "Now, darling," said Miss Dennison's

liceman more substantially. The po-

etrothed. "Oh, don't be angry!" said a suddenly abject despot. "I'll never be horrid again. I'll always do exactly what you tell me. Only darling, darling, darling, ion't leave me to go home along that dreadful, dreadful road alone!" "My poor, frightened little girl!

What a brute I've been!" "You have rather," confessed Miss

Along the lonely road two lovers loitered. The wind swept merrily above them and around them, all unheeded. Miss Dennison's face was screened from the rough blast her head was hidden penitently against

a sheltering arm. And, as they walked along, Miss Dennison's betrothed concluded a kind and decisive conversation in which Miss Dennison played an astonishingly

contrite and secondary part. "And you understand, dear, there are to be no more of these ridiculous

quarrels? "No, darling, I'll do whatever you wish." "The man must always be the head. I've been foolish to give in to you so

as yours." "Yes, dear, it has." "But you have been very inconsiderate.

weakly. It's been as much my fault

"A woman is always more in love than a man." "A man has duties which he must

"Yes, darling, and it's very wonderful and beautiful of him to neglect her deliverate way home alone. He them for a woman's sake. A silly,

cowardly, selfish, unattractive girl." Miss Dennison's betrothed refuted such an appreciation of her character with warmth.

"Please!" said Miss Dennison, "the hotel people will see us." The brilliant facade of the hotel shone out suddenly behind the hill. Miss Dennison and her betrothed walked decorously up the drive, where have to come back, so I won't look her anxious people welcomed them

> Late that evening Miss Dennison and her betrothed concluded another conversation of a similar nature.

"And you'll be down at half-past seven in the morning to give me my breakfast?"

'Yes, sweetheart.' "And you'll take me to the station?" "Yes, darling." "And always do exactly as I tell

you? "Yes, my own." Miss Dennison hesitated. Then she ascended the stairs pensively, while her betrothed stood at the bottom and watched adoringly. At the turn of the baluster she paused, candle in hand. The light shone on her sweet and

saintlike profile. "But all the same," said Miss Dennison, "you must admit that you did not catch that train."-London Sketch.

Snub from the Regular.

Listening to the conversation of the Canadian mounted police, as one encounters them everywhere in the northwest, it is distinctly evident that they are men of a different stripe from the Tommy Atkins of the British regu-The mounted policeman is a head, not an automaton nor a flunky This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the duke of York to the territories last year. As the royal train drew into one of the frontier towns, two liveried outrunners dashed breathlessly to the platform, shouting excitedly for the police "to get out the royal horses." The troopers of the university type smiled and said nothing; but one of the frontiersmen in khaki frowned and took a bite of chewing tobacco.

The two little men in royal livery ecame apoplectic. "Dont' you men hear? Get out the horses! Who's going to get out the

horses?" The trooper in khaki again calmly ook consolation for the insult from his tobacco. "Have some? No? Horses? Did you say horses? Well, don't burst your buttons. What do you think you are for? Get 'em out yourself."-Chicago Post.

All in the Game.

There is an old card story which always appears to me to contain a moral for the direction of the young who are prone to rush in where their elders fear to tread. 'Two old "sports" were playing poker in the saloon of an Atlantic liner, and a group was watching them. A youth among the bystanders was appalled to observe that one of these old gentlemen appeared to be cheating in a most flagrant manner.

So he presently exclaimed to the player: "I beg your pardon, sir, other but I feel it is my duty to tell you that the-the-person you are playing with lealt that last card from the back of

"Well, and why not?" replied the player he had addressed. "It was his deal."-The Tatter.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.



Find Another Fox. A fox one day invited a stork to dine with him, and, wishing to be amused at his expense, put the soup which he had for dinner in a large flat dish; so that, while he himself could lap it up quite well the stork could only dip in the tips of his long bill. Some time after the stork, bearing his treatment in mind, invited the fox to take dinner with him. He, in his turn, put some minced meat in a long narrow-necked vessel, into which he could easily put his bill, while master fox was forced to be content with licking what ran down the sides of the vessel. The fox then remembered his old trick, and could not but admit that the stork had well paid him out.

MORAL-It is mighty imprudent, as well as inhuman and uncivil, to affront anybody; and whoever takes the liberty to exercise his witty talent that way must not think much of it if he mosts with reprisals.

## DOES THE WHALE SLEEP?

Question Upon Which Students of Natural History Are Not Yet

Decided. It is a common belief among both whalers and naturalists, says Knowledge, that when whales "sound" they descend to enormous depths in the ocean. Dr. W. Kuekenthal estimates. for instance, that the larger members of the group commonly dive to a depth of fully a thousand yards, although the evidence on which this rests is not given. In a memoir recently published in Belgium Dr. Racovitza challenges this belief, and states that, in his opinion, 100 yards is the maximum depth to which any whale can dive, and that many species cannot reach anything like that limit. He very pertinently asks why should whales want to go to such depths, All whales sound for the purpose of obtaining food, and in the profound darkness of 1,000 yards what food could they get? Those species which feed on

animalcules might, perhaps, obtain what But how about the species which feed on fishes and cuttles? At a depth of a ally you hear some maternal voices callthousand yards they certainly could not use their eyes to detect non-luminous species, and we have no evidence whatever that they feed on the salf-luminous deep sea fish and cuttles (if, indeed, there their annual recurrence. be any of the latter). On the contrary, the available evidence indicates that fishes and cuttles which live in much

shallower zones. man life, and although we may believe I think the flute must have gone celvable that they could resist the effect of ten times the latter pressure, or | tude. 90 atmospheres? Moreover, does it seem pressure, could exert the muscular force

of a thousand yards? case in his contention that whales never sleep, demands further consideration, constant wakefulness of cetaceans is that individuals will follow a ship for asleep. Another is that whales-except occasionally a right whale or a sperm whale-are not found floating motionless on the surface, and reasons are given bottom. But, it may be urged, if whales never sleep, they must have food at night, and be able to catch it, and what, then, becomes of the argument that they cannot capture prey in the dark ocean abysses? Moreover, it is difficult to imagine that an animal with such a highly organized brain as a whale can exist permanently without sleeping. especially when we remember that fishes

sleep. Popples 2,000 Years Old. The extraordinary resuscitating power of light has received a very curious illustration in the silver mines at Laurium. The mines had been abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and consisted for the most part of the "slag" produced by the working of the miners. An enterprising Englishman discovered that the mines contained plenty of silver, which could easily be removed by the superior modern appliances. He discovered, however, something far more valuable than the silver, viz., some poppies of a species which had disappeared for 20 centuries, the seed of which had lain dormant beneath the siag for 2,000 years. When the slag was removed to the fur nace, the next visit to the mine found the entire space covered with a most gorgeous show of poppies. After their 20 centuries rest they had bloomed as vigorously as ever, without the aid of a single drop of water or any restorative include any which may have been in other than the rays of the sun.-Philadelphia Ledger.

The Age of Cats. Herr Pohl, president of the German Society for the Protection of Cats, has just published the results of his investigations in regard to the age which it is possible for these animals to attain. Cats, he says, are like human beings in one respect—the more peaceful and better regulated their lives are the longer they are likely to live. As proof he points out that a favorite eat in the royal palace of Nymphen ourg has lived to be 42 years old, and consequently may fairly claim to be considered the dean of cats in Ger-

# VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Sounds Heard in the City in Summer. When All the Windows Are Open.

"Now are they heard again, minus a few old ones, perhaps, but with as many new ones added," said Mr. Gozzleton, relates the New York Sun; "the myriad voices of the summer night, that come to us at this season in the city, when all the windows are open and people live more or less out of doors. "We hear now once more the talking

of the people sitting on the steps across the way, and the voices of the folk sitting at their open windows, and the sound of the children playing in the "Once more we hear the yearning notes of the ambitious violin player whose aspirations so far exceed his art

and the biff, biff, bang of many planes. and the soaring and the deep descending notes of many singers. "And you hear the soft strumming of the gentle gultar, and the notes of the more metallic mandolin. And occasion-

ing: "'Willie, you'll have to come in, now. "All familiar sounds, and not unfriendly to those long accustomed to

"Of those that are missing one is the sound of the melancholy flute. I can they feed on ordinary light-dwelling remember well when no neighborhood summer night symplony would have seemed complete without a flute com-But this is not all. It is known that ling in now and then, but as a matter the effects of a pressure of more than of fact I haven't heard a flute among three atmospheres proves fatal to hu- these summer night sounds for years. that whales can stand treble this pres- of fashion; if we are not less sentimental sure, or nine atmospheres, which would than we were we are less pensive, and occur at about 90 yards depth, is it con- the flute was peculiarly a pensive instrument, one commonly played in soli

"Now, the fiddle is sympathetic, and possible that a whale whose body is only it may be sentimental, still, in all its slightly heavier than water at ordinary | wailings, it has more or less of vigor, and we are likely to play the fiddle, not necessary to propel that body to a depth | alone, but with somebody, as with some kind person struggling faithfully to Whether the author has so strong a accompany us on the piano, dropping whole bars and galloping wildly to keep up with us when we slip a cog, or linger-One of the arguments in favor of the ing with dazed bewilderment over the keys as we maunder, rapt, on the strings. Yes, we still hear on summer days, which they could not well do while | nights the chromatic yearning of the

fiddle, but no longer now the flute. "Nor do we hear in these days the notes of the once every season familiar key bugle; and the singularly sharp and against the theory that they sleep at the | frightfully flat, the alternately violently explosive and choking effects produced by the amateur on that noble instrument are sounds that I miss greatly. But I haven't heard a key bugle in my neigh

borhood for years. "And the same is true of that ripely mellow instrument the French horn. I don't know when I have heard an amateur playing on a French horn. The French horn seems to have gone, with the key bugle, to join the melancholy

flute. A strange company. "But, if we miss these, we have now new sounds to take their places, the chug, chug, chug, of the hustling auto scurrying through the block, and we hear now the music of the automatic plano players-of many of them, and the sounds of many phonographs, all pecul-

iarly modern. "If some of the old voices have gone new ones have come, and so the grand volume is not decreased; it is greater now, if anything, than ever-the chorus of the myriad voices of the summer night, to be heard at this season in the city, when all the windows are open."

Train-Load of Bables On the train that rolled into Portland

from Boston, late Sunday evening, were by actual count 67 bables and little children. One car had 29 which is thought by trainmen to be the record. The total of 67 babies does not the sleeping cars, of which there were three on the train. Curious Classification. Perhaps the most remarkable curios in the British army system of red tape

are the headings under which various

instance, a soldier must purchase

personal necessities are classed. For

brush and comb under the head of clothing, while a tooth brush for some xtraordinary reason comes under the denomination of fuel. At Close Range. Mrs. Upperten-I had all the conceil taken out of me yesterday. Mrs. Nextdoor-Indeed! And where

did they find room to put all of it?-

Chicago Daily News.

DUSINESS MEN'S QUEX LUNCK

Wall Street's Indigestible Securities,

### FIGURES AND THE TARIFF. Evidence of Administration's Active

Participation in the Game of Politics.

It having been decreed that the republican party is to "stand pat" on the tariff, and the decree having been entered without reference to the party's nothing be permitted to happen that is calculated to prejudice the "standent necessity for any change in the tariff, and the public has been told that no changes will be made until after the election next year; and it is expedient that care be taken to obviate the danger of the public's getting hold of any official information that would tend to discredit the assertion that the circumstances are such that tariff revision can wait, says the Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader. In view of all this, the following from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican is pertinent and significant:

"It is very well known in newspaper offlees, if not elsewhere, that the treasury oureau of statistics is being used by the present chief, in the most unblushing manner, to promote the high tariff propaganda. All trade figures calculated to show that he tariff is working as theory would have the tariff is working as theory would have it work are promptly spread out in specially prepared articles and mailed to the press for publication on a specified day. All other statistics are carefuly kept in the background unnoticed. These government specials to the newspapers average two or three a week, and as high tariff transfers. awo or three a week, and as high tariff preachments they are not excelled by anything the American protective tariff league is doing. This bureau of statistics has now been transferred to the new department of commerce and labor, and the report comes from Washington that Secretary Cortelyou intends to store the practice believing that stends to stop the practice, believing that ie department should not expose itself charges of undue partisanship."

It has for some time been evident that the present administration is applying itself with unusual industry and zeal to the game of politics, Mr. Roosecelt having, apparently, conceived the idea that it is necessary to the removal of all obstacles to the gratification of his ambition to succeed himself. A part of this game is the cooking of reports from the bureau of statistics in the interest of the "standpat" programme. If the figures and the facts fail to justify this programme, then the figures and the facts are suppressed, and the reports are confined to such showings as are calculated to make it appear that the tariff is doing quite well, thank you! As to Secretary Cortelyou's reported intention regarding a change of tactics in the bureau, it is possible that the secretary will be induced to defer making a change until the second-term project and the "stand-pat" idea are able to stand without being propped up. The people must be fooled to the top of their bent, even if the figures of trasle have to be doctored in the effort to reach that end.

NOT MUCH PROTECTION. The Tariff Protected Steel Trust in a Bad Way and Stock

When the idustrial trust boom was in full blast and corporations were being manufactured with millions of capital every day in the week, the protectionists cited the fact as the result of the great system of protection to American industries. Now the stocks of these trusts are in a state of collanse and the water has been squeezed ut of them with remorseless energy, what will the protectionists say? The prostration of the boom in Wall street cannot be blamed on the democrats: neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Cleveland can be held responsible. "The blighting influence of free trade" has had no part or lot in the matter and yet the "marvelous prosperity" of these rust corporations-railroad and in-Instrial, have received a check which is but the index finger pointing to the prostration of general business that will follow in its wake. The abnormally high prices that now prevail of all the necessities of life must result in reduced consumption and even a protected trust cannot pay big dividends unless the public will pay high prices for its productions.

Wall street generally discounts in advance the falling off in demand for products or the reduction in earnings of railroads and these bear raids are but indications of worse that may happen. When a stock like the steel trust that pays dividends of four per cent. sells around 23 there must be something radically wrong. With every one of its products protected by the tariff and with nearly complete control of the market the protectionists should be able to give, at least, a plausible reason for the enormous decline in its prosperity. Can it be that protection does not protect its beneficiaries and vet compels the American people to pay extortionate prices? It is the more exasperating to those who use steel trust products that the foreigner is able to purchase them for a much less price than obtained in the home market. The tariff should certainly be reformed to the extent that we should be able to buy our own goods as cheaply as the people of other coun-

ries can buy them of us. -Now Gov. Hunt wants to resign the Porto Rico governorship, it is reported. He has served a year and a half of a term of four years, and gets salary of \$8,000, but has apparently hed enough of it. These tropical satreples of ours seem to look more attractive at a distance than close at hand.—Springfield Republican (ind.).

-Senator Allison, of Iowa, is getting far along in his statesmanship. It isn't fair to keep him settling flimsy disputes between Gov. Cummins and his party. All there is to do is to sit on mmins.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# CONTROLLED BY TRUSTS.

Bureau of Corporations operated by Roosevelt to Perpetuate Their Graft.

If President Roosevelt is reelected next year it will be simply and solely because a majority of the voters sincerely believe that he is helping them to fight their battle with the trusts So odious have the hundreds of protected trusts become, both in the eyes of consumers and investors, that no man who openly favors them can hope to be elected to any kind of public office. It is not strange, then, that President Roosevelt is seeking to have the public believe that he is an enemy of all bad trusts-assuming that there are some good ones.

But what did the president ever do to really injure great corporations? Although he began political life as a strennous free trader, yet he recently, under pressure from the Protective Tariff league, joined the standpatters, and thus stands opposed to the most certain way of curbing the trusts and giving relief to the people-by reducing the tariff duties. As governor of New York he called wishes, it it, of course, necessary that an extra session of the legislature to pass amendments to the Ford bill to tax the franchises of the public service pat" policy in the republican mind. It corporations. The amendments were has been asserted that there is no pres- | prepared by the corporation attorneys, and were intended to make the act unconstitutional. The courts have not yet, after four years of lost time, fully decided the case. It was the president's voice that killed the Littlefield anti-trust bill in the last congress and caused the passage of two sham anti-trust bills, the Elkins anti-rebate bill and the department of commerce bill with its bureau of

corporations to give publicity to trusts. The facts that are slowly coming to light in regard to this new bureau should open the eyes of the voters to the real position of the president on the trust question. In discussing the "Present Statistical Outlook in Washington," the correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin

said on July 27 of this new bureau: "The work now laid out for this bureau is of a really thorough type, and if it is oursued with vigor on the lines now suggested there will be a good deal of complaint in the near future when the methods now contemplated are actually applied. Pressure of the most strenuous sort will undoubtedly be brought to bear at the white house. Just how soon the



Roosevelt-Do you see the bottom! Payne-There doesn't seem to be any

department will really begin to show its hand in the matter of trust investigation cannot be certainly predicted, but those who are in position to know say it will not be until after the next presidential election. As a matter of fact a good deal of time is needed for the organization of the work and for laying out special lines of investigation. All this will consume many months, and Secretary Cortelyou is too tactful a man to weaken his strategic position by opening fire in a presidential campaign, if there would be any danger of hurting his party thereby. It will, therefore, be a good while before there are any definite

results of the inquiries of the bureau of corporations" Is there anything in this statement to frighten the trusts? Is it not clear that this new bureau will give the trusts two years more leeway-two years more Heense to squeeze the people and ex-Pact money from their pockets-two years at \$1,000,000,000 a year? And what then? Publicity. That's all, and more than all, for it is entirely optional with the president whether any of the facts gathered by the bureau are ever published or not. But the facts, when published are intended to serve only as a basis for "conservative" anti-trust legislation sometime in the dim and distant

President Roosevelt fighting the trusts? He is their best friend. He as no other man living, knows how to tackle them and at the same time make the multitude, who sees his fierce face and vigorous gestures, believe that he is mauling the life out of them. The trusts have great need of just such a man at this functure to save them from the wrath of an outraged people. It is a part of their game that Wall street and the trusts are to be against Roosevelt this year. Next year when the campaign is on it will be found that the G. O. P. is getting financial support from its old-time friends-the trusts.-BY-

#### RON W. HOLT. POLITICAL DRIFT.

-A lot of Mr. Hanna's party friends who have their hands in echo his sentiments of "Hands off!"-Atlanta Consti-

-Senator Platt nominates Senator Aldrich for vice president. The nomination may look like the sly thrust of an enemy, but the country should recall what happened to Platt's preceding seection for the vice presidency.-Elmira Gazette.

---Roosevelt has captured a new group of admirers by rowing ten miles to the "sandy shores of Huntington bay" and sleeping outdoors all night under a blanket with his boys. The exact whereabouts of these admirers is not indicated, but they exist somewhere, of course. There must be people who like these antics and who want to re-elect a president who cuts up like that .- Utica

Observer. - Even the republican Omaha Bee is moved to concede "that congress may find it expedient to institute an inquiry of a general character in regard to the business methods of the executive departments of the government. It is quite possible that these can be much improved, and in any event a general investigation of them could do no

harm."-Albany Argus. -Even the republican papers fear that New York will be a doubtful state next year. And with the right kind of a democratic candidate doubtful New York will mean a doubtful Connecticut and New Jersey.—Portland Argus.